

The World.

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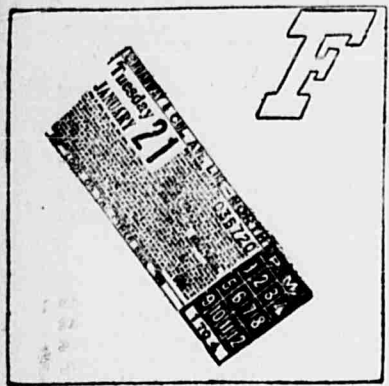
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EVERYWHERE FOR ONE FARE.



FIGURES have been prepared for an appeal to the Public Service Commission to abolish the free transfer system.

Having once overcapitalized and then wrecked the street railroads of Manhattan and the Bronx, Thomas F. Ryan is willing to take them back, reorganize them and recapitalize them.

The first step toward this is to increase the receipts by the abolition of the free transfers. Under

the State Railroad law a passenger is entitled to ride over any street railroad system for one fare. The Metropolitan system was made up of a score of different railroads held on leases. By dissolving the Metropolitan and appointing separate Federal receivers for the different roads the issue of free transfers between them ceases.

For the year ending June 30 there were carried in New York City 1,323,273,368 passengers, who paid \$65,568,031 in fares. The operating expenses were \$37,013,062, or 56 1-2 per cent. of the receipts.

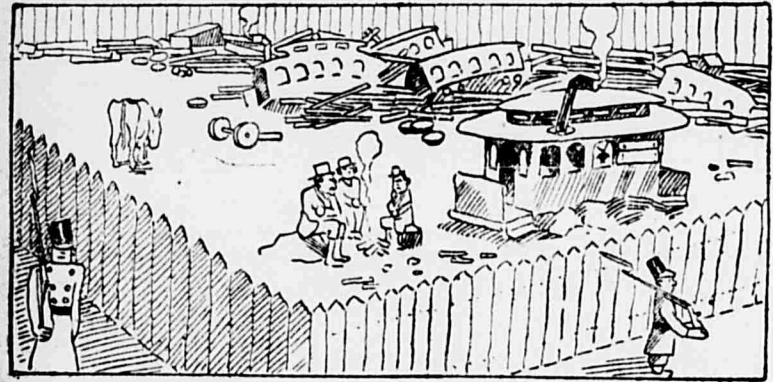
With transfers free it cost 2.83 cents to carry a passenger, and the net earnings from passenger operation were 2.17 cents. The additional revenue from advertisements, mail, express and other business than carrying passengers was \$2,757,281.

Still even \$31,837,995 is not enough to pay the interest and dividends on the \$624,076,226 capitalization of New York's railroads.

Enormous as is the net city debt of New York, the capitalization of its railroads is still greater.

The difference between the capitalization and the actual investment is enough to pay the net city debt.

Why should the people be deprived of free transfers in order to pay dividends on watered stock and interest on bonds the proceeds of which have been stolen? Why let the burdens of New York's four million people be increased that Mr. Ryan may make a recapitalization and issue more bonds and stock?



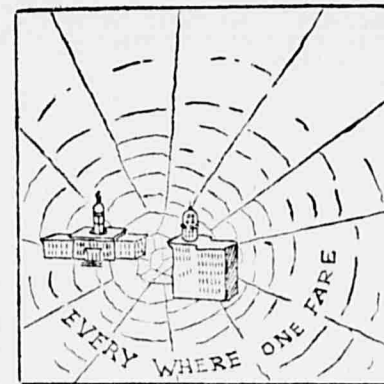
What the Public Service Commission should do with Thomas F. Ryan and his associates is to quarantine them and keep away from them. They are bad men. Association with them brings contamination.

How many men have gone into a deal with Thomas F. Ryan without being skinned? Ask John Skelton Williams, of Richmond, to tell of his experience with Ryan in the Seaboard Air Line. Ask August Belmont to tell what he knows of Ryan in the Inter-Met. Ask William C. Whitney's children what they know. Ask the friends of Joseph B. Hendrix, former president of the National Bank of Commerce. Ask Hans S. Beattie's ghost.

Ask anybody who has ever had a deal, dicker or bargain with Thomas F. Ryan, and then let the members of the Public Service Commission ask themselves whether they are wiser and shrewder than all these.

Let the Public Service Commission go on and construct a complete interborough subway system, with through trains and one fare from anywhere to everywhere within Greater New York.

No dicker with Ryan.



Letters from the People.

Wants to Use Spare Time.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am working in an office, but every day for hours at a time I have nothing to do for my employer, who does not object to any way in which I might care to employ these spare hours. I would be grateful to any reader who could suggest some means by which I could improve those hours by studying something that would eventually add to my income.

ANNA.

Latin for "Watch and Pray."

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of "Vigilate et Orate?"

7,275 Feet.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the entire length of the Williamsburg Bridge?

MAURICE SPRING.

"Tropical" New York!

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The present conditions of the climate in and about New York form a serious question. An ocean current which originates from the Gulf of Mexico and is known as the North Equatorial current has two branches. One completes an ellipse, starting from the Gulf and going north to the latitude of about Newfoundland, thence, crossing the ocean, it makes a complete curve, then again crosses the ocean to its starting place. The other branch goes northeast into the Arctic Ocean. This is the reason why Hammerfest, the most northern city on the globe, has a mild climate. It is a fact that every year the Gulf Stream approaches nearer to

our shore; as, for instance, in the last two or three years it has approached our shore by four hundred miles. A few years hence the course of this stream will be entirely changed, and our eastern shore will become a real Florida.

ISIDOR MUNSCHIE.

L. T. WILLIAMS.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In answer to one of your readers who asks for a good cure for insomnia I will suggest the following, which I have found excellent: Leave the house about two hours after supper and walk rapidly until fatigued, keeping the mouth closed and breathing deeply through the nose. When thoroughly fatigued take car back home and sip a cup of hot lemonade, well sweetened, and you will sleep soundly.

M. H. R.

Suggests Fund for Unemployed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I hear of the sufferings of thousands of unemployed and the hunger of their children, and it struck me something should be done to alleviate their sufferings. Would it not be a good idea for the city to open a depot where contributions could be sent to help these poor unfortunates? I am sure there are thousands who would gladly send in their "miles" to help poor suffering humanity. I would like to do my share, and I am quite positive there are many others who would do likewise.

W. D. A.

Aldermen and Assemblymen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

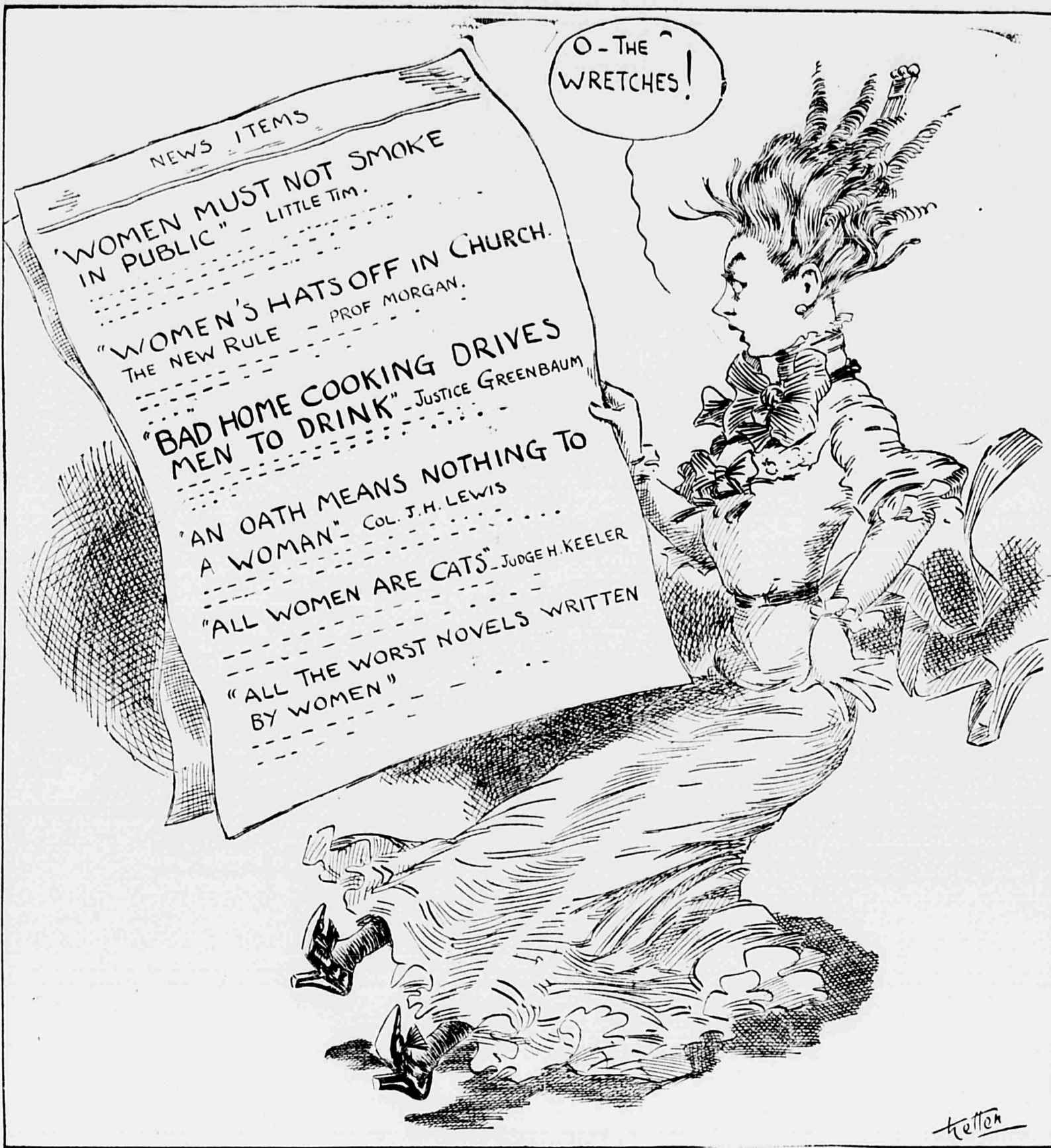
What is the salary of a New York Alderman? Also the salary of an Assemblyman?

E. C. and M. V.

Aldermen receive \$3,000 a year. Assemblymen receive \$1,800 and mileage.

And We Love Her So!

By Maurice Ketten.



If You Haven't Been Mentioned Yet as "Prominent in Local Society" You Will Learn from Mr. Jarr the Road to It Is More or Less Rocky.

By Roy L. McCardell.



"WELL, I'm glad we're not society folks," said Mrs. Jarr, as she glanced up from the newspaper she was reading.

"Oh, I guess we're just as good as a lot of them, at that," said Mr. Jarr.

"Huh! I should say we were!" said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't bother my head about such foolishness, because, in this country, society only means money, and abroad they laugh at that sort of aristocracy!"

It will be noticed we all uphold the foreign idea of the haute monde when we are not in the running in our native smart sets.

"They are just as bad after the money in Europe," said Mr. Jarr, sagely. "All those haughty and blue-blooded countesses and earls are willing enough to take up American social strivers if they will pay them. It's all a lot of rot, anyway."

"No, not at all," said Mrs. Jarr, who, like all women, had certain indefinite ideas that they are more or less connected with the aristocracy. "No, you can say what you please, but after all, it is a matter of blood. Now with me it doesn't matter how much money you have or how little you have. What I want to know is, what was your family, are you ill or well bred?"

"My family is just as good as yours," said Mr. Jarr, bristling up. "Just as many of your people have been in jail as my people, and furthermore—"

Mrs. Jarr quelled him with a look. "I was NOT discussing personal family matters. The least we say on that subject the better for you and your family," said she.

"I was going to say that I was glad that I wasn't in society, and especially that I wasn't in suburban society."

"We don't live in the suburbs," said Mr. Jarr.

"No, and we are not going to!" replied the good lady. "People not in society of me!"

never get into trouble; for, according to the newspaper accounts, every lady murderess or lady forger or male embezzler or burglar that is caught is a society dame or a society man. And especially is this true of the suburban society people."

"Yes, it is almost as dangerous, in the bad company it appears to throw them among and the bad example set them, which they so eagerly follow, to go 'with the best people' of the Oranges or Hempstead or Staten Island or New Rochelle, as to be a Sunday school superintendent in the city," said Mr. Jarr.

"What I was going to say," continued Mrs. Jarr, ignoring the line of argument of the defense, "is that nobody, either man or woman, elopes or steals anything from a husband to a husband but they were prominent in local society."

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, "and don't forget that they 'entertained lavishly.' You know what that means, don't you?"

"It means what it says, they entertained lavishly," said Mrs. Jarr.

"That's what they call it in the newspapers," said Mr. Jarr. "But if you inquire closely you'll find that 'entertaining lavishly' means a quarter tin box of sugar wafers, a plate of chicken salad that tastes of varnish, and a bowl of punch made of imported California claret at 50 cents a gallon."

"You are not supposed to give people a hot house dinner when you entertain them, are you?" asked Mrs. Jarr. For she had served punch and salad in her time.

"If you entertain lavishly, yes," said Mr. Jarr. "But if you'll look real close you will find that the people who gain so much unenviable notoriety, either in New York or in the suburbs, never amounted to much, and that their obvious failings were apparent to those around them long before the climax came and it all appeared in print."

"Oh, well, some of those society people are no better than they should be," said Mrs. Jarr.

"None of us are," replied Mr. Jarr. "But at that, I guess you'd jump at getting a bid into real society."

"I consider myself as good as they are," said Mrs. Jarr stoutly, "and maybe better."

"But you'd go!" said Mr. Jarr, "you'd go!"

"But I couldn't take you," said Mrs. Jarr, cuttingly. "You'd make a show of me!"

THE WARS OF OUR COUNTRY

Albert Payson Terhune

No. 40.—CIVIL WAR—Part VIII.—Grant Takes Charge.

A SILENT little brown-bearded man (shabby and careless in dress, forever smoking, quite lacking in the military glitter and dash that marked his predecessors), was chosen on March 17, 1864, to the chief command of the United States forces. He was Gen. U. S. Grant. Less than four years earlier he had been plodding along in an Illinois town as an \$800 a year store clerk, and had been looked on as a failure in life. Less than five years later he was to become President of the United States.

He had been busy smashing the Confederacy's power in the Southwest while more showy Union leaders had been suffering endless setbacks at the hands of Lee in Virginia. Now that he at last came to the front as commander-in-chief, Grant resolved to put an end to the delays and blunders that had marred the previous three years of the Virginia campaigns, and to strike decisively and at once. He had had no previous war experience in the East.

His first move was to divide all the Union forces into several armies and, with a mathematical plan of action in mind, to hurl each of these at one of the various armies of the Confederacy. It was a general, organized rush all along the line. Grant himself with the Army of the Potomac chose as his adversary the Army of Northern Virginia, Lee's own crack veterans. In pursuance of this idea he crossed the Rapidan and began a march on Richmond. Nearly a year was to elapse before he should reach that goal, but he never once turned aside from his original aim until perseverance finally won him the victory.

Having crossed the Rapidan the Army of the Potomac moved toward Richmond, their advance forcing Lee to leave a strong defensive position and hurry to check the invasion. The two forces met on May 4 in a barren, desolate tract of swamps and scrub oaks, known as "The Wilderness."

There for three days the battle waged, about 250,000 men in all being engaged in the struggle. On May 7 the Confederates fell back toward Richmond and Grant pressed on in hot pursuit. The Southerners halted near Spotsylvania Court-House, and the battle was renewed. Lee there held his ground. But where Grant was barred in his direct march to Richmond he immediately tried to advance at some other point. Each setback merely strengthened his determination to push on. He had planned his general route and would not be turned aside. A hint of this bolding trait is found in his dispatch to the War Department after the Spotsylvania battle. He wrote:

"We have now ended the sixth day of very heavy fighting. The result to this time is very much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over 5,000 prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us few except stragglers."

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

In the first month of this whirlwind campaign Grant lost 39,259 men, to about 30,000 of Lee's. The bloodshed was the greater because Grant found in Lee a foe almost worthy of his own martial genius. At home, in the North, people gasped at news of such wholesale loss of life, and Grant was denounced as a butcher. But the accusation was not justified. The silent little leader threw away no lives needlessly. He made every blow tell. His men were slain in decisive battle—not in useless side-actions or in fever-infested camps. And each death scored for the Union.

Failing to dislodge Lee at Spotsylvania, Grant moved hurriedly to the southern side of the James River and marched toward Richmond by way of Petersburg. At the latter place, about twenty miles south of the Confederate capital, Lee again opposed his progress. Petersburg was strongly fortified. It was the key to Richmond and must fall before the capital could be taken. So Grant, unable to carry Lee's fortifications by storm, laid siege to the place, sending out expeditions of cavalry to cut off the enemy's supplies and railway communication. There, for nine months, the siege continued, marked by terrible slaughter on both sides. Indeed, here occurred some of the deadliest fighting of all the war, the Northern and Southern sharpshooters vying with one another in murderous accuracy.

While Grant and Lee were face to face at Petersburg momentous campaigns were in progress elsewhere.

Lee sent 20,000 men under Gen. Early to capture Washington. Early, crossing the Potomac, outnumbered and defeated a Union force sent to check him. Part of his army invaded Pennsylvania, burning Chambersburg, but was driven back. The main body pressed on through Maryland toward Baltimore and Washington.

Wallace and some hastily assembled regiments. Wallace was defeated, after a stubborn seven-hour battle on the Monocacy River, but his resistance, perhaps, saved the Union capital from capture. For, laden with plunder, the Confederates started back to Virginia.

Meantime Grant, learning of Lee's move, sent Gen. Sheridan in pursuit of Early. Sheridan caught up with and defeated the Confederates at Winchester, in the Shenandoah Valley, Sept. 19, and again on Sept. 22. In a week he had sent Early's battered troops hurrying southward. But on Oct. 19, while Sheridan was away, the Federal army was attacked and beaten by Early at Cedar Creek. Sheridan rode up in time to rally his troops, charge the Confederate line, and, for the third time, to win an overwhelming victory. Early's army was wrecked and the Shenandoah Valley cleared of Confederates.

All Women Are Not Cats.

By Jim Dash.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Judge who declared "All women are cats"—he said it.)

BECAUSE you know a woman who will scratch, And ladies who will spit as if they had a fit. And possibly another who will claw, And possibly another who will paw.

That doesn't make you have a liking for their "rats," And that they're often caustic I suspect, And when you hotly say they "All are cats," Let me interpose: "Your Honor, I object!"

"A woman is peculiar," you declare, "Always waiting for a chance to criticize."

Now if that charge be true, pray let me ask of you, What field of observation made you wise?

Is your study of the gentler sex confined To the few who in divorces may reflect Discredit on the countless other kind?

If so, again: "Your Honor, I object!" I'm hoping that you really didn't say The words which bring to you such sudden fame; Or, that you will recall that ugly little "all" Which casts a slur on every woman's name.

My mother, sister, wife or daughter, dear as life, Were never "cats" as I can recollect; Hence when at them you thrust your keen, judicial knife, Most earnestly: "Your Honor, I object!"

Our Minds and Our Meals.

By W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

THE salivary glands are in the mouth—under the tongue mostly. And when a greatly increased quantity of blood is sent to them they at once elaborate and pour out into the mouth a portion of their contents. So the hungry man who smells the odor of cooking food "waters at the mouth." Thus the mind governs the body.

Now, the action of the glands of the mouth which produce saliva is exactly like the action of the glands elsewhere in the body which produce gastric juice, pancreatic juice, bile and other fluids, through the associated action of the process of digestion is carried on. When the hungry man smells the aroma of food there is a rush of blood to all the digestive organs—mouth, stomach, small intestine and liver. As a result of this increase of circulation there is suddenly poured out more digestive fluid; not only saliva, but the others as well. The gastric juice begins to flow, the pancreas and liver get ready, and the entire digestive system is prepared and able to take care of any food which is reasonable in kind and quantity.

The point of greatest importance in all this is that these fluids are poured out only when the mental condition is right—when there is in the mind a desire for food. If there should be any feeling of disinclination for food, if there should be even an indifference to food, the food taken under such circumstances would not and could not be properly digested.—Sunday Magazine.

Dr. Weir Mitchell on Water.

DURING a recent period of bad weather, when the water supply was unusually muddy, a young woman of Philadelphia asked Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author and physician, how she could best safeguard herself in drinking the local beverage. "First boil it," Dr. Mitchell answered, "then filter it, and afterward drink ginger ale."

Miss Lonely Tries to Waltz Away With Mr. Man ☆ By F. G. Long

